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293

VOL.
XLIX



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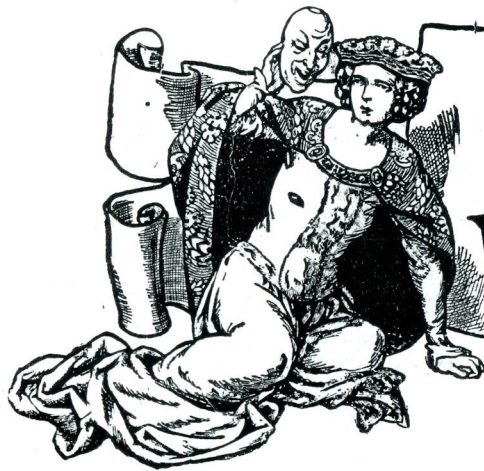
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THE PLAY PICTORIAL

edited by
B.W. FINDON



6, ADAM STREET,
ADELPHI, W.C.2
2nd August, 1926.

SIR SQUIRE BANCROFT, whose will has just been proved, left a fortune of £194,000, the result of eighteen years of management at two theatres, the Prince of Wales's and the Haymarket. A handsome result, it must be admitted, for such a comparatively short period. Other actor-managers I have known who have died possessed of large means include J. L. Toole, Sir Charles Wyndham, and Sir George Alexander; Sir Henry Irving and Sir Herbert Tree spent lavishly on their productions and were liberal in entertaining, and, as the old saying has it, "you can't have your cake and eat it." Sir Augustus Harris and George Edwardes—to put it crudely—died in a lucky hour, for both ventured largely and there was ever a considerable ebb and flow in their fortunes. Mr. Frederick Harrison, who has just died, did not act in his own theatre, but he maintained the settled policy of the actor-managers of his early days, and the Haymarket retained its *clientele*, which it should continue to do under the direction of Mr. Horace Watson.

Of the old type of actor-manager we have only Sir Gerald du Maurier, and he, for the time being, has left his theatre to fulfil an engagement at the St. James's. Mr. Fred Terry, Mr. Matheson Lang, and Sir J. Martin Harvey devote themselves chiefly to the Provinces, contenting themselves with a more or less brief appearance in the metropolis. Henry Ainley, Owen Nares and Godfrey Tearle have stretched forth their hands at intervals to grasp the coveted prizes of management, but their object has eluded them, and they have secured no permanent home. It must, however, be admitted that the struggle to-day is very different to what it was thirty years ago. The multiplication table has been busy during the past decade or so, in every way except that of multiplying the seating capacity of the theatres, so that we have increased expenses and stationary receipts, which is chiefly the reason why theatrical management has become an affair of speculators and syndicates.

In my last month's notes I made a few remarks anent contemporary dramatic criticism. Hardly had our issue appeared when two evening papers supplied me with delightful examples of the work of the modern critic. The play hailed from Russia, and an English adaptation of it was given at the Royalty Theatre. Said the *Evening Standard*: "Turgenev's 'A Month in the Country' is a beautiful play all through, but its second act is the most purely beautiful act I know in modern drama. It was played flawlessly by two actresses, Miss Lilian Scaife and Miss Natalie Moya. They are in the front rank of actresses."

Said the *Evening News*: "'A Month in the Country' is the sort of production that brings Russian plays into disrepute. Even with the closest attention and the utmost goodwill, it was impossible to find it anything but tedious and trivial. It is a 'comedy,' but the comedy is such as to make you yawn, not laugh. The acting and the

producing were poor. There were odd bits of good acting, but, on the average, it could give no pleasure to anyone."

Which of these two gentlemen is right in his view of the play matters not to me. But a play is a work of art. Acting is an art. Each requires a certain technique in its expression. We may look on a picture and dislike the subject, but if we know anything about painting we could express an opinion on the painter's mastery of his art. The true critic could express his liking or dislike for the subject matter, appraise it according to its intent and purpose—making the matter a personal one if he likes—but then comes his duty to judge the work by the standards of criticism, to point out its merits and defects, to give, in short, a sound opinion based on his technical knowledge of the art he is called upon to judge. If he has no technical knowledge his opinion is worthless. It is of no more account than a child's appreciation or dislike of its nursery picture books.

Playwriting is a very subtle art; its technique needs patient thought and practice to achieve mastery, and if the critic can only say, "This play is rotten," or, "It is a masterpiece," and not give sound reasons for one or the other, then his criticism is of no worth; he is valueless both to the stage and the public. Nice judgment is equally required in deciding on the merits of the actor. A man may have a heartbreaking part, that makes no appeal to the audience, that adds nothing to his reputation with the multitude, but his part may be the acting triumph of the play, and it is the critic's duty to estimate his performance at its intrinsic value, and not take the superficial view of untutored people.

When, however, one man says that a part was played flawlessly and the other that the acting could give no pleasure to anyone, then one of these two writers (or both) must know little or nothing of the art in which he plays the rôle of Solomon. That such criticism should appear in widely read newspapers is not playing the game, either with the public, the management, the artists, or the author. The theatre of to-day is too costly an institution to be made the sport of a young man's fancy.

Once in the course of the year I am invited to attend a performance given by the Dramatic Players' Society, and last evening I made my annual pilgrimage, this time to the Rudolf Steiner Hall. Not on this occasion did the Dramatic Players soar to the heights of Shakespeare. Oscar Wilde and G. B. Shaw provided them with two pieces that served to display to good advantage the histrionic talent of the company. In the Wilde fragment, "A Florentine Tragedy," chief honours were taken by Miss Paulise de Bush, Mr. Eric Dance, and Mr. Eric Bush. In the Shaw comedy, "Overruled," Miss Joan Buckmaster and Mr. Richard Goolden acquitted themselves as good comedians. Much to my regret I was unable to stay for the third item, "Everybody's Husband," by Gilbert Cannan. A collection was made for the "Sunshine" Homes for Blind Babies.

The English Stage

A brief account of the English Theatre from its beginning to the death of Garrick, chiefly extracted from the preface of Mr. Dodsley's Collection of Old Plays, and the late Supplement added to it.

(Continued from No. 292.)

After a discontinuance of eighteen months, both houses were again opened at Christmas, 1666. The miseries occasioned by the plague and fire were forgotten, and public diversions were again followed with as much eagerness as they had been before their interruption. Both companies were at first successful; but after the novelty of the several performers was worn away, and their stock of plays had been repeated until they became familiar, the Duke's Company, excellent as they were allowed to be, felt their inferiority by the slender audiences they were able to draw together. This consideration induced Sir William Davenant to try the effects of a new theatre, built with greater magnificence than that in Lincoln's Inn, and he chose Dorset Garden, probably where the old playhouse in Salisbury Court stood, as a proper place for the purpose, but before this theatre was finished he died, and on that event the management of his property therein came into the hands of his widow, Lady Davenant, Mr. Betterton, and Mr. Harris, assisted by Charles Davenant, afterwards well known as a politician and civil lawyer.

This new house was opened in November, 1671, notwithstanding an opposition made to it by the City of London. But the opinion of the public still inclining to the King's Company, Mr. Davenport was obliged to have recourse to a new species of entertainment. He determined to call in the assistance of show and sound; he increased the splendour of his scenery, and introduced music, singing, and dancing, into some of the pieces represented. Dramatic operas, with expensive decorations, soon came into fashion, and enabled the Duke's Company to obtain an advantage over their competitors, which they were confessedly not entitled to by their merit.

Soon after the Duke's Company began to act in their new theatre, an accident happened, which must have disabled their antagonists from contending with them for a short time. In January, 1671-2, the playhouse in Drury Lane took fire, and was entirely demolished. The violence of the conflagration was so great, that between fifty and sixty adjoining houses were burnt or blown up.

Where the company belonging to this house removed, I have not been able to discover, though I find they continued to act in the time which intervened between the destruction of the old house and its being rebuilt, and from the series of plays which they produced it seems probable that they immediately occupied some theatre which then remained unused.

The proprietors of the old playhouse, after they had recovered the consternation which this accident had thrown them into, resolved to rebuild their theatre with such improvement as might be suggested; and for that purpose employed Sir Christopher Wren, the most celebrated architect of his time, to draw the design, and superintend the execution of it. The plan which he produced, in the opinion of those who were well able to judge of it, was such an one as was alike calculated for the advantage of the performers and spectators, and the several alterations afterwards made in it, so far from being improvements, only contributed to defeat the intention of the architect, and to spoil the building.

The new theatre, being finished, was opened on March 26th, 1674. On this occasion a prologue and epilogue were



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delivered, both written by Mr. Dryden, in which the plainness and want of ornament in the house, compared with that in Dorset Gardens, were particularly mentioned. The encouragement given to the latter on account of its scenery and decoration was not forgot.

The preference given to Davenant's theatre, on account of its scenery and decorations, alarmed those belonging to the rival house. To stop the progress of the public taste, and to divert it towards themselves, they endeavoured to ridicule the performances which were so much followed. The person employed for this purpose was Thomas Duffet, who parodied *The Tempest*, *Macbeth*, and *Psyche*; these were, however, ineffectual. The Duke's theatre continued to be frequented; the victory of sound and show over sense and reason was as complete in the theatre at this period as it hath often been since. The King's theatre languished; but the great expenses incurred at the other diminished their gains to such a degree that after a few years the leaders in each discovered that it would be for their mutual advantage to unite their interests together, and open but one house.

Of those who originally belonged to Killegrew's company, several had quitted the stage, some were dead, and the chief who remained began to experience the infirmities of age. These considerations induced them to listen to overtures from Davenant, Betterton, and Smith, who entered into an agreement with Hart and Kynaston, which effectually detached those performers from the King's Theatre. Their revolt, and the influence which they possessed, seem to have effected the union sooner than it otherwise might have been agreed to, though it could not have been prevented any length of time, having been recommended by the King. The junction took place in the year 1682, on which event the Duke's Company quitted Dorset Gardens and removed to Drury Lane. Hart performed no more, but retired on a pension; and Mohun soon afterwards died. The remainder of the troop were incorporated with the Duke's, and were styled the King's Company.

The advantages which were expected to follow this junction do not appear to have been the consequence of it. Though the patents were united, the profits to the proprietors and performers seem not to have increased. The old patentees either sold their authority to new adventurers, or relinquished all their attention to the management. On August 30th, 1687, Mr. Charles Davenant assigned his patent to Alexander Davenant, Esq., who, on March 24th, 1690, sold his interest therein to Christopher Rich, a lawyer, whose name is often to be found in the annals of the theatre. This gentleman, who was not possessed of abilities calculated to make the stage flourish under his administration, soon contrived to engross the whole power into his own hands. By various instances of mismanagement, he alienated the affection of the principal performers from him, and by wanton oppressions provoked them to attempt their deliverance from the tyranny he exercised over them.

An association of the actors was entered into, with Betterton as the head of it. Their complaint, by means of the Earl of Dorset, was laid before King William, and was considered of sufficient importance to engage the attention of His Majesty. The principal lawyers at that period were consulted, who agreed that the grants from King Charles to Killegrew and Davenant did not preclude the reigning prince from giving a similar authority to any person with whom he might choose to entrust it. In consequence of this opinion, a licence was granted to a select number of the players to act in a separate theatre for themselves.

This favour being obtained, a subscription was set on foot for building a new theatre within the walls of the Tennis Court, in Lincoln's Inn Fields. The people of quality, to show their sense of the ill-treatment which the actors had received, contributed very liberally for this purpose.

(To be continued.)

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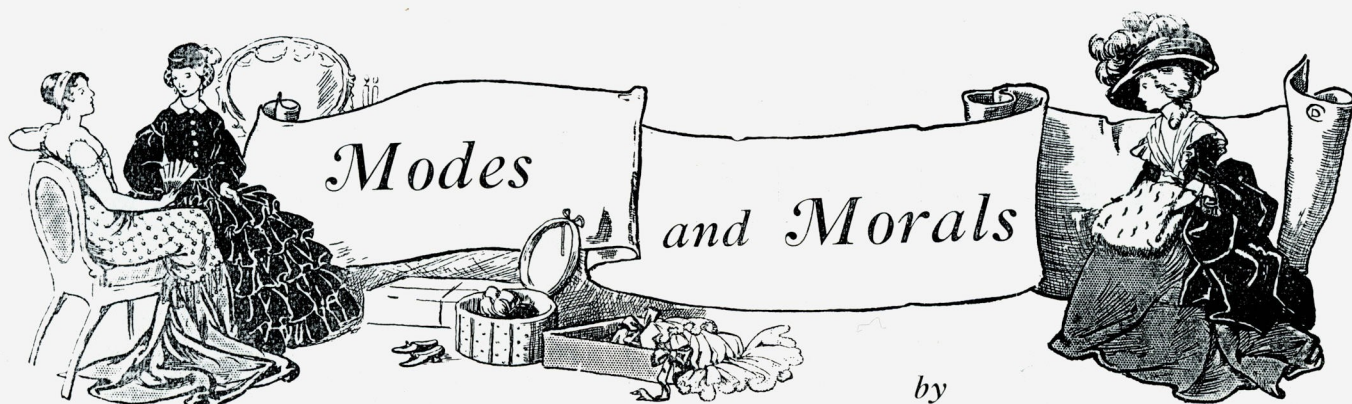
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Modes and Morals

by

The Hon. Lady Fortescue.

AUGUST is here! The great holiday month, when thousands of children just home from school are watching their weary mammas packing up trunks, portmanteaux and suitcases; listening the while to endless conversations between their parents concerning lodgings, servants, board wages, the chances of hot or cold weather, and what to take and what to leave behind. Little boys dream of great ships and rolling waves and pirates; little girls have visions of air-balloons, nigger minstrels, golden sands and perpetual bare legs; for nearly all children prefer a holiday at the sea, and most parents contrive to arrange that their families shall imbibe a store of ozone to keep off the "flu" fiend during the winter term.

The problem of holiday clothes becomes ever easier; that is to say, for those wise people who decide to leave behind them the life of great cities and seek some secluded spot where it is possible to live a life of freedom and unconventionality.

To live as naturally as possible is the ideal of most of us. Our children are happiest if allowed to discard hats, shoes and stockings and to wear light washable garments which will not spoil, so that the irksome phrase "Don't do that" need seldom be heard. Let them run wild! Let them live like happy little animals! Let them be grubby—and natural.

Fashions for children become increasingly simple. Little frocks can be made from a yard of material, and little knickers to match from half a yard. An outfit can be made in an afternoon. The shorter and looser the garment the better for the child, and the more freedom for movement. Nearly all the little garments fashioned for children are sleeveless or have only an apology for a sleeve, and very few of the little frocks reach further than the thigh. Hats are seldom seen, but this fashion has become somewhat exaggerated. The wise mother knows that the hot August sunshine can be very dangerous when it falls upon an unprotected head, and few heads of hair, and still fewer complexions, can stand it without taking harm.

The wonder is that that prettiest of all head coverings—except the French coif—the sun-bonnet, is not more widely worn. Even the plainest face can gain charm when framed in a print bonnet. It has an old-world grace of its own, besides being eminently practical, for it protects both the head and the back of the neck from sunstroke. There is an Arts and Crafts shop in Dorset where the most enchanting sun-bonnets are made. Some are of original design, but most are copied from old pictures and engravings, while the patterns of some of them have been handed down from mother to daughter through several generations, such as "The Cranford" and "The Dorset Dear" models. Some years ago the *débutantes* of Dorset all possessed a selection of these, made of the same material as their washing frocks, but to-day they all seem to prefer shady hats of fine French straw—more's the pity!

It is interesting to notice the way in which designers and dressmakers have learnt to study the conditions of the times

in which we live. They have realized that an enormous quantity of women have been obliged to dispense with the services of a maid since the war, and dresses without fastenings were invented and sprang into instant popularity. Then the charges of laundries became so heavy, owing to the high cost of wages, fuel, and washing materials, that fadeless uncrushable fabrics were made to enable people to have their dresses washed at home, and to wear them longer than was possible when delicate organdies and muslins, which had to be starched, goffered and constantly ironed, were the rage.

Then came the three-piece and the two-piece suit—both economical and sensible, especially the latter, which sells like wildfire in all countries, because it is possible to wear a thin dress under a heavier coat which can be discarded on sultry days and worn on chilly ones, so that the wearer is always independent of weather, a most important thing in our uncertain climate.

Then the fashions of to-day permit us to pack our dresses in a far smaller compass, so that it is possible to take a much greater variety of dresses away with us. It is really quite extraordinary what can be stowed away in one comparatively small suitcase.

The other day a fashionable woman actually contrived to take away a complete outfit for a long week-end at a great country house in only two suitcases. She took with her three tea-gowns and three elaborate dinner-gowns, two afternoon dresses, three morning dresses, and tennis clothes. Everything, including a selection of shoes and hats, was stowed comfortably into these two cases, which she carried on a rack at the back of her little *coupé* car.

Think of the contrast between packing and travelling in the twentieth century as compared with the eighteenth or nineteenth!

Our *lingerie*, too, how deliciously light and easy both to wear and to launder it is. We can now combine three and sometimes four garments in one, so that dressing loses much of its tedium and boredom, and our "undies" take no space at all when we are packing.

Time-saving, temper-saving, money-saving, and space-saving are all carefully considered to-day in the manufacture of materials and clothes. And this, in itself, is not a bad start for a holiday. It is good to have little to carry; a little extra in pocket is better; but the effect of these on the temper is best of all. For, if one thinks of it, it is only general good temper that makes a holiday enjoyable; and the essence of good temper is to feel one's best, look one's best, and try one's best.

A very pretty girl, a conspicuous figure at a great public function, suddenly discovered directly after her arrival that her pale blue silken skirt (those were the days of long skirts) was stained by a huge patch of motor lubricating oil. Her friends were in despair; but very quietly she pinned the fold so as to hide the patch, observing: "I am resolved that nothing shall spoil my enjoyment to-day."

That is the spirit in which to enter on a holiday.

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A woman's best possession

Speaking about the protection of the complexion, Miss Osborne referred to the intense seriousness of American women on this subject. "They realize that the complexion is a woman's most valuable possession. Perhaps the climate is drier over there and more harmful to the skin, but I'm sure you would never see so many people taking chances with their complexion as you do over here. The nightly cleansing is a regular feature-part of their routine."

The Pond's habit

I explained to Miss Osborne the tremendous growth during the last three or four years of the "Pond's Habit" (as it might be described); the habit of relying on Pond's Cold Cream instead of soap and water to keep the skin clean and healthy. "I am glad to hear that," replied Miss Osborne. "Of course you know Pond's is greatly appreciated in the States; I have used it for a long time—both the creams, Pond's Cold Cream and Pond's Vanishing Cream, for both are necessary. They are sort of 'complimentary' to one another in more senses than one."

English complexions

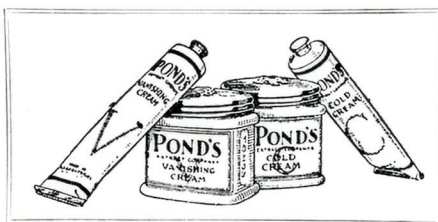
Miss Osborne went on to speak of the great pleasure London audiences had given her—their wonderful enthusiasm and grateful response. She has also been greatly impressed by the beauty of English women. "I have seen some wonderful complexions since I have been in this country—natural healthy complexions. That is why I hope so much these complexions are being properly taken care of. During this weather for instance



(Strauss-Peyton)

Vivienne Osborne

(it was the middle of the July heat wave) just an occasional touch of Pond's Vanishing Cream would do so much to prevent the delicacy of the skin from getting harmed—from getting prematurely aged. The thought of lines and wrinkles marring some of these fresh English faces is very sad—especially as



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Miss Osborne concluded by recommending every woman to give five minutes every night to getting all the deeply lodged dirt out of the pores and tissues of her skin with Pond's Cold Cream. "That five minutes regular care will be repaid a thousand times by the preservation of a youthful appearance."

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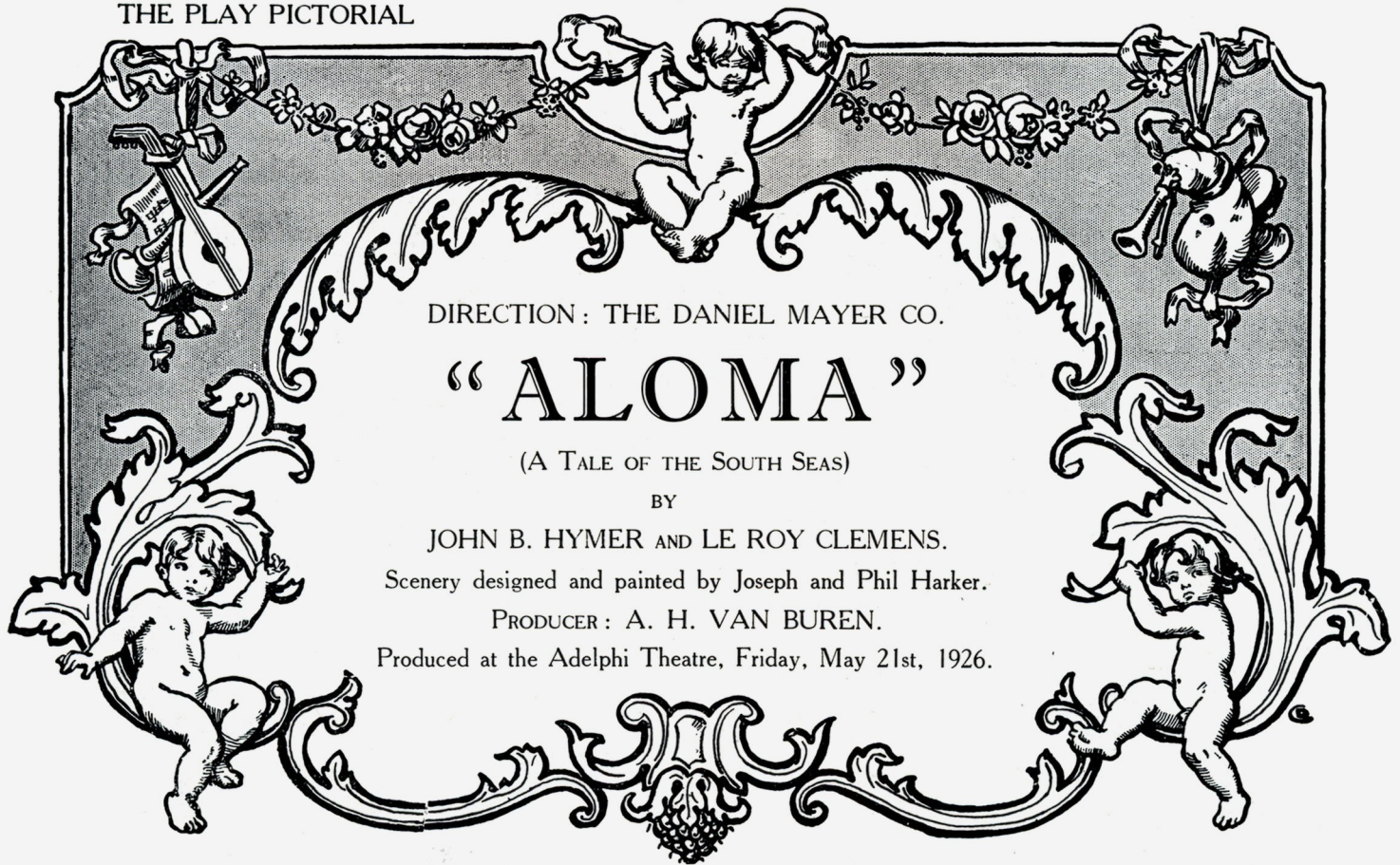
The Play Produced by Felix Edwardes



Nuitane (CLAY CLEMENT)

Aloma (VIVIENNE OSBORNE)

An Idyll of the South Seas.



WE ever associate something poetically picturesque with the South Sea Islands, and many, indeed, are the tales of adventure for which they provide a local habitation and a name. The American authors of "Aloma," which, by the way, has enjoyed a vast measure of popularity in New York, have taken full advantage of the environment in which they have placed their story, ably supplemented by the scenic artists, and we are given gorgeous pictures of one of these British possessions in the sub-tropical seas, in which must be included a wonderful representation of a storm, a most thrilling example of what can be effected by stage machinery, while the groups of native girls are remarkable for their symmetry and semi-savage beauty.

The main theme of the story is concerned with a "fallen" Englishman and a dusky belle, who is the means of effecting his restoration to sanity and decent living. In pre-war days, Bob Holden had loved and been loved by Sylvia; then came the war, and Bob was reported killed. It was a false report, but it served the purpose of his friend, Val Templeton, who also was in love with Sylvia and acted treacherously to his friend by suppressing the news of his escape from death. When Bob returned home and found what had happened he cursed his friend, the inconstancy of woman, betook himself to this particular South Sea island, and proceeded to drink himself to death.

At the time the action of the play begins he had become so notorious for ill deeds that the Governor of the island is seriously considering the question of deporting him, but Bob has a friend in one Andy Taylor, who gets him a job on a distant plantation, with Aloma, the dusky Belle, as his day-time housekeeper, she being escorted home each evening by her native admirer, Nuitane, although Aloma would be well satisfied with another arrangement. This, however, Bob rejects, but, realizing the change in himself, for which he gives the credit to Aloma, he decides that they shall be married by the Missionary.

It is just at this time that Sylvia, accompanied by her husband, arrives on the island to pay a visit to their friends, the Governor and his wife. In Val Templeton Sylvia had

found a degenerate, and, consequently, her married life was extremely unhappy. Aloma informs her of the deceit practised on her by Templeton, and, when she and Bob meet, the inevitable explanations ensue, and Sylvia is so carried away, between love and indignation, that she is willing to "cut the painter" and take up her life with Bob, but this he cannot agree to because of his promise to Aloma.

It should be mentioned that Nuitane had been taking a prominent part in the various doings of the leading characters, and he is far from pleased at Aloma's attachment to the Englishman; still less is he pleased with Val Templeton, who has made a libertine attack on Aloma. Nuitane arranges to take the two men with him on a pearl hunting expedition, and it is his intention to capsize the canoe, save Bob, and leave Val to the sharks. This affords the opportunity for the storm mentioned above, when Nuitane's scheme works out "according to plan," and so Sylvia finds herself a free woman. Aloma sorrowfully relinquishes her white knight, and consoles herself with her persistent and adoring native lover.

The side issues of the story are various; the principal incident being "Red" Malloy's (a somewhat villainous buccaneer) attempt to inveigle Aloma on his ship by the promise of a superb necklet of pearls, which appeals to the girl's vanity, but not sufficient to overcome her loyalty to Bob, who takes a hand in putting a stop to Malloy's amorous intentions. Then we have Hina, a native task mistress, who is much disgruntled when she learns that she is to lose the services of Aloma, and fiercely throws her belongings at her when informed that Aloma is going to "keep hut" for Bob.

Another incidental which plays an important and very attractive part is the pot-pourri of Eastern and Hawaiian melodies arranged by Mr. Henry Kenning, conductor of the theatre orchestra; the native band, supplied by Glen Wilbur, illustrates the musical accomplishments of the natives and helps materially to assist the local colour of the play, besides providing the accompaniment to some very graceful dancing by a troupe of well-trained ladies.



Nuitane charming the native belles with song and music.

Stage Photo Co.



Mrs. Ridgley (MARY BARTON)

Reginald (JACK RAINE)

Mr. Ridgley (ALLAN JEAYES)

Hina (MARGARET YARDE)

MR. RIDGLEY: "I tell you, Grace, I am very worried about Bob Holden. I am afraid I shall be forced to deport him."



"Soon Nuitane build nice hut. Then Nuitane and Aloma sit in soft shadows when sun go down and love by the roses."



Bob Holden (FRANCIS LISTER)

ALOMA : “ Meester Bob only white man ever fight for Aloma. Meester Bob never take hold pretty Islan’ girl for try kiss.”



HINA : " Aloma, you work for Hina." ALOMA : " No, Aloma work for Mr. Bob."
HINA : " You go to Mr. Bob." (*Hina throws Aloma's belongings at her.*)



" Red " Malloy (H. St. BARBE WESTE)

NUITANE : " All right ! ' Red ' Malloy dive—maybe he get pearl—but maybe he go in
shark's tum-tum !"



Miss VIVIENNE OSBORNE as Aloma

Stage Photo Co.



Naitane (CLAY CLEMENT)

Aloma (VIVIENNE OSBORNE)

"Always Aloma dream to have nice hut and roses."



Hongi
(A. G. POULTON)

Andy Taylor
(HENRY CROCKER)

Shorty
(R. BUCHANAN)

Bob intervenes and saves Hongi from Red Malloy's brutality.

"ALOMA."



CLAY CLEMENT as Naitane

Stage Photo Co.



ALOMA : "Where 'Red' Malloy get nice beads?"

RED MALLOY : "I bought 'em for a certain little queen I've took a fancy to, and all they're gonna cost ye is one lingerin' kiss."



Aloma jubilant in her position as Bob's daytime housekeeper.



ALOMA: “Meester Bob—it all right if Aloma stay here to-night. Aloma promise she not tell
Missionary in the morning.”
BOB (FRANCIS LISTER): “No—none of that—we’ll play this on the level. I’ll run over now
to the Mission.”



ALOMA: "You—Syl-vee! (*brings photograph*). Why you marry 'nother mans when Meester Bob love you so beeg?" SYLVIA TEMPLETON (MURIEL ALEXANDER): "I thought he was dead."



VAL TEMPLETON (W. CRONIN WILSON): "Hallo, Bob! I've beat you to it again, ole pal!" BOB: "Val, if you have no respect for this little girl, you're going to have some for your wife." ALOMA: "Meester Bob, he know you not dead when he marry pretty white lady."



ALOMA: "Nuitane not go on lagoon—boat upset—sharks eat Nuitane." NUITANE: "Sharks not eat Nuitane. Sharks like white meat."

Stage Photo Co.



SYLVIA : " All the marriage ties in the world cannot kill my love for you, Bob. We belong to each other. I'm yours and you're mine."

Stage Photo Co.



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By H. M. WALBROOK.

IT was a great pleasure to find in Miss Clemence Dane's play, *Granite* (at the Ambassadors), something of the power which made her first play, *A Bill of Divorcement*, so memorable. It lacks, perhaps, the perfectly clear-cut characterization of the drama with which she made, in 1921, so thrilling a début as a playwright. The character, for example, of the Nameless Man in *Granite* puzzled me a little all the evening, and I am still not quite clear about him. At first I thought he was the Devil, appearing in answer to a desperately unhappy woman's prayer to that personage to come and help her out of her troubles. Later I began to think he was a sort of embodiment of the evil side of her own nature, carrying out the dark deeds which she had all the desire to commit but not the will. In the concluding scenes I came to the conclusion that he was just an escaped criminal and ruthless blackguard whom the sea had cast into her life to make what remained of it a worse hell than all that had gone before. And something of these three conceptions still remains with me! I shrink from suggesting that so accomplished a writer as Miss Dane can have been in any doubt as to the kind of person she meant the Nameless Man to be; but, with all respect, I must also say that I think she has puzzled some of us a little unnecessarily. Apart, however, from this one character, I found the play a most powerful and enjoyable one. Its picture of the lonely, loveless, misunderstood wife on Lundy Island, with little save the sea and the wind to keep her company, is indeed tragic; the tragedy deepens as the play proceeds, and the final scene of the helpless woman's terrified submission to the ruffian who is to be her tyrant for the rest of her life is almost appalling. For such a play I was glad to see the house so full on one of the hottest nights of the year, and to hear applause so sincere and so prolonged after each fall of the curtain. There are only six characters in it, and they all struck me as quite beautifully acted. The three men who figure so disastrously in poor Judith's destiny were, in their different ways, acted to perfection by Mr. Edmund Willard, Mr. Nicholas Hannen, and Mr. Casson. Miss Thorndike threw all her sincerity into the part of Judith, and was always a pitiful figure; Miss Florence McHugh, as the gentle maid whom the poor woman loved, sounded a pretty note of youth and joy which was truly refreshing in such sombre surroundings; and last, but not least, Mr. Stafford Hilliard gave a quite exquisite performance in the part of the lovable and gentle old clergyman who marries Judith to the second of her ill-fated husbands. Since *A Bill of Divorcement* Miss Dane's work for the theatre has been rather a disappointment to many of us, but *Granite* has set her up again, and now we can go on looking forward to her next play with the high hopes of five years ago.

An evening or two later I went to St. Martin's to see a play called *They knew what they Wanted*, by a Mr. Sidney Howard. Why it was so called, Heaven only knows! I

could not form the least idea of what "they wanted." True, we soon learned what the middle-aged celibate hero, the Italian-American, Tony, wanted. He wanted a wife. Again and again he further told us that he wanted to have "kids" and that he wanted his wife to be "fat." Of course we all got whatever pleasure was to be derived from the perception of these longings, but for my own part I can only say that my gratification from this source was extremely limited. As to the other characters I could not take the least interest in them. The heroine was a young woman called Amy, whom Tony has heard of and asked to marry him, and who, without even having seen him, consents. Somehow or other, there had slipped into the letter in which Tony proposes to her a photograph of his devoted young assistant, Joe. Consequently, when Amy arrives at Tony's house she is horrified to find that her promised bridegroom is not only confined to his bed as the result of a motor accident, but is middle-aged. However, the marriage immediately takes place, and when, at the end of the wedding day, the poor bridegroom is wheeled away to his lonely room, Amy has a scene with Joe which, as we learn later, has ended in his seducing her! But he is still devoted to Tony, and when, later, Amy hears (greatly to her astonishment!) that she is about to become a mother, Joe (still devoted to Tony!) bawls furiously that she must come away with him. Tony, however, stops that. Tony still loves Amy! And Amy now loves Tony! So Joe goes away, and the curtain comes down on Tony and Amy in each other's arms! This precious composition is American, and I am told it won a prize of some sort in that country. Why on earth anybody thought it worth bringing to England is simply a mystery. I found it all shallow and false to a degree, and the only pleasure I got out of the evening came from the acting of Mr. Sam Livesey in the part of Tony. This was really a beautiful performance. The Italian manner and broken English were so perfectly done that I felt certain an Italian actor was playing the part until I looked at the programme and saw Mr. Livesey's name. As to the Joe and Amy, I don't suppose any players in the world could have made them pleasant to me. Certainly Mr. Glen Anders and Miss T. Bankhead (both also Americans, according to the programme) made them very much the reverse so far as I was concerned. I didn't like their voices, and when Joe got angry he barked in a way which I didn't enjoy at all. And the final impression with which I came away was that if this play won any prize whatever in the United States, the case of that country so far as the written drama is concerned must indeed be dreadful!

I have had many pleasant evenings at the Lyceum since it became a home for melodrama, seeing capital plays of their sort and hearing excellent elocution. In *The Padre* the huge theatre does not seem quite so happy as I have often seen it under the native drama. *The Padre* is an adaptation



John (JAMES RAGLAN)

Larita (JANE CAROL)

"EASY VIRTUE" is the latest of Mr. NOEL COWARD's dramatic sociological essays. An uncongenial marriage.



A scene in "EASY VIRTUE," at the Duke of York's. LARITA (JANE CAROL) denounces country life.

[Photos, Lenare.

THE PLAY PICTORIAL

of a French play, of which the principal feature was a study of a village curé such as Balzac gives us in so many of his stories—a man wise and yet simple, gentle and yet firm, unpolished and yet dignified, and always in the finest sense a Christian and a gentleman. The late Mr. Beveridge towards the end of his career played one or two such parts in English plays and gave masterly and beautiful performances. The French original is, in the main, a social picture and a study of character. In the English version, presented at the Lyceum, the general picture is simply unrecognizable as anything more than a theatrical invention, and not a very original one at that. The scene is still in France, and the characters retain their French names, yet one of them describes a picture on his walls as having been shown in "the Academy," a rich man talks of his "80 h.p. Rolls Royce," and the curé in a moment of patriotism sings "Tipperary." Surely, if this sort of thing was going to be done, it would have been better to change the scene to England and make the curé a vicar. Much of the acting, too, is as unconvincing as the play. Mr. Basil Gill (the curé), Mr. Lauderdale Maitland, and Mr. H. R. Hignett all speak finely, as also does Miss Marie Shields in a quite small part; but the parvenu Coresnets are grievously over-acted, and all the real value of the composition as a social picture disappears. The play is well mounted, and the stage picture has generally a certain picturesqueness, but one came away feeling it might all so easily have been better.



Meanwhile, in Sacha Guitry's *Mozart*, at the Gaiety, a French company were showing to crowded houses how a French play should be presented. M. Guitry and Yvonne Printemps have gone, but their visit was perhaps the event of the London dramatic season. The play was almost entirely unhistorical, and as impersonated by Mlle. Printemps the hero was no more like Mozart than he was like Mr. George Robey. He was simply Mozart's enchanting Cherubino, put into a delightful comedy of manners, set to charming music, in the time of Marie Antoinette. There was a little love scene between Mozart and a *fille-de-chambre*, during which the orchestra murmured the strains of "La ci darem la mano." The whole artistic effect of the thing was delicious. I thought Mlle. Printemps' performance not quite so exquisite as it was in Paris. She played it there in a smaller theatre than the Gaiety, and perhaps also to a more exacting audience. She seemed to have coarsened her performance a little for Londoners. Yet, even so, her impersonation was the loveliest thing seen on the English stage this year. In his different way M. Guitry was just as fine, and indeed the acting of the whole company was a lesson in every sort of grace and distinction, showing us once more the French stage at its incomparable best. Every part was played to perfection, not a word was slurred, the beautiful costumes of the period were worn as naturally as our actors and actresses wear "plus fours" and short skirts, and the whole manner and "atmosphere" of the time was reproduced as we find them in the pictures of the period on the walls of the Louvre. As a lover of France and the French stage, I came away after this delightful evening feeling that, however low the franc may go, the soul of that brilliant people will survive in the great tradition of its stage—and if it survives there it will also survive in the greater things of the national life.



Finally, I saw a couple of new plays produced by a society calling itself The Playmates. The first was a "modern" effort called *Self*, by a young gentleman named Val Gielgud, and the scene of its production was the Court Theatre. The author seemed to have very definite views about life, but how far they were true is another question. There was a scene between two women in the last act.

One of them was the wife of a certain Geoffrey, the other had been his mistress, and the wife deemed she had reasons for believing that her husband was returning to his earlier charmer. Here is a note I made of a passage in their conversation:—

The ex-mistress: "Geoffrey is nothing to me. He once had my body for a month, but what is that?"

The wife: "I should have thought it a good deal."

The ex-mistress: "To a woman of common sense it is nothing."

There was a considerable giggle in the house at this exquisite revelation of the Higher Wisdom.

The other was also an excursus in "modernism," called *The Strugglers*, from the pen of Colonel Philip Trevor, C.B.E., and it was done at the Scala. During the first two acts the brilliant heroine, Pauline, a lady-novelist, is busy expounding her theory that the less married people see of each other the likelier their love is to endure; while Leslie, the man she marries, is equally busy (though not quite so persistently, for he is as "stupid" as he is decent) declaring that such a view is nonsense. In the third act the young couple are on a South Sea island, and a cyclone demolishes their bungalow, and brings out all sorts of manly and womanly attributes in them both. In the fourth, Pauline definitely renounces her Shavian eccentricities, and we part from the young couple with the assured feeling that they are going to be happy ever after. The play contained some stretches of not very brilliant dialogue, but on the whole it showed a good deal more knowledge of life than the author of *Self* had reached; and in the person of Miss Mary Stanley it introduced us to a young actress whom I had not seen before, who not only looked quite beautiful (among other things she had not shingled her hair!) but also spoke beautifully, and who should be a valuable addition to the cast of any "modern" play. Mr. Charles Kenyon, in the part of a fantastic American admirer of the young wife, also spoke well, and gave (as he generally does) a pleasant impression of sincerity.



PLAYS PRODUCED.

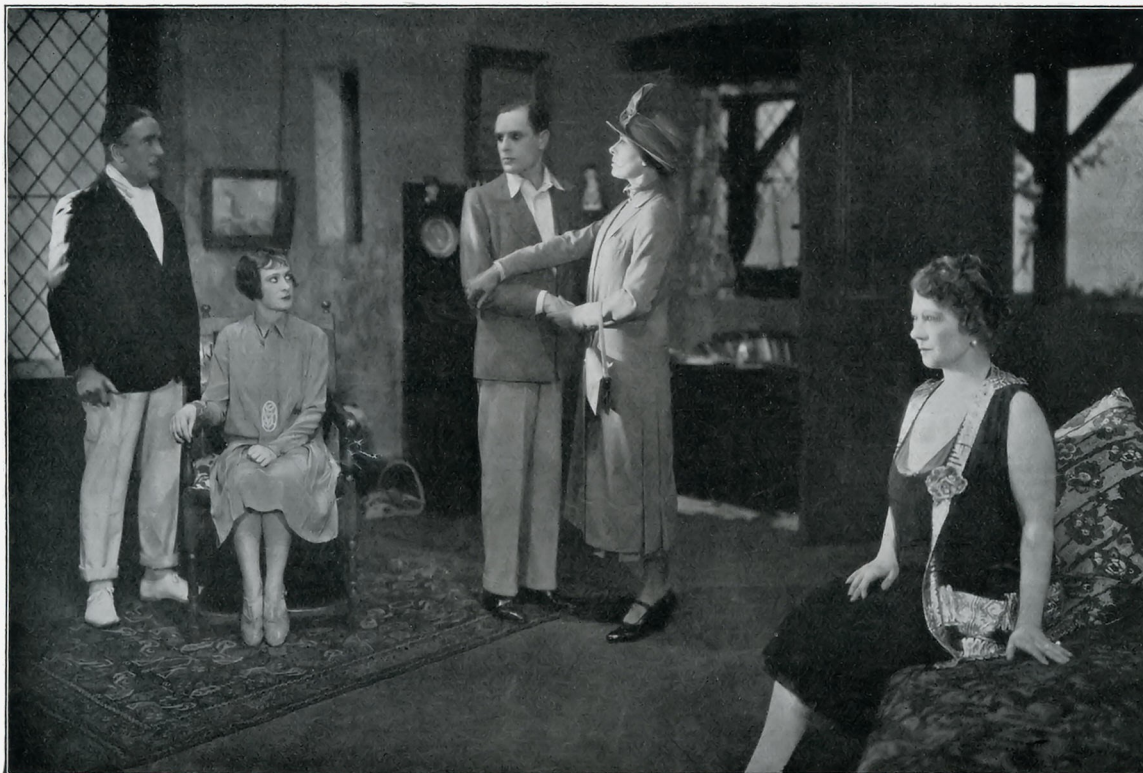
"Virginia's Husband" ("Q")	...	...	June 28
"The Twin" (Everyman)	...	...	" 29
"Cock o' the Roost" (Garrick)	...	...	July 2
"Quicksands of Youth" (Playmates)	...	...	" 4
"A Man in the Country" (Royalty)	...	...	" 5
"So like Me" ("Q")	...	...	" 5
"Peter and Paul" (Gate Theatre)	...	...	" 5
"Self" (Playmates)	...	...	" 11
"Ask Beccles" ("Q")	...	...	" 12
"Distinguished Villa" (Little)	...	...	" 12
"Pillars of Society" (Everyman)	...	...	" 13
"The Strugglers" (Playmates)	...	...	" 18
"None but the Brave" ("Q")	...	...	" 19
"Ask Beccles" (Globe)	...	...	" 20
"Uneven Temperature" (Century)	...	...	" 23
"The Awful Truth" (Royalty)	...	...	" 26
"Kimona" ("Q")	...	...	" 26
"The Way You Look At It" (Queen's)	...	...	" 27
"Sleeping Partners" and "The Truth about the Russian Ballet" (Savoy)	...	...	" 28

PLAYS WITHDRAWN.

"Billeted" (Royalty)	...	...	June 26
"A Man Unknown" (Comedy)	...	...	July 3
"Kid Boots" (Winter Garden)	...	...	" 10
"Hearts and Diamonds" (Strand)	...	...	" 10
"Cock o' the Roost" (Garrick)	...	...	" 17
"A Man in the Country" (Royalty)	...	...	" 17
"There's No Fool" (Globe)	...	...	" 17
"What Might Happen" (Savoy)	...	...	" 24
"Russian Ballet" (His Majesty's)	...	...	" 24



Maude Fulton (EDITH EVANS) Isabella (MARIE LOHR) Caroline (IRENE VANBRUGH)
 Mr. SOMERSET MAUGHAM'S Comedy "CAROLINE" has had a most successful revival at the Playhouse.



Hastings (W. GRAHAM BROWN) Hester (LOUISE HAMPTON) Angela Fane (MARIE TEMPEST)
 Irene Fane (GWEN WYNDHAM) John (ROBERT ANDREWS)

"THE CAT'S CRADLE." at the Criterion is one of the season's most notable successes.

[Photos, Stage Photo Co.]



THE soul of a town cannot be caught and impaled on a pin for inspection. The most one can do is to seize some moment when it is more than commonly discernible, to repeat that moment in memory and compare it with others. Such moments occur when a certain aspect of a place strikes a corresponding note in the mood of its observer.

Southend, however, is permeated by a particularly strong personality. Amusement is its keynote, and it is sounded in all parts of the town with varying chords and combinations. "The sunniest spot in all England," it boasts itself to be. Perhaps this accounts for the intoxicating high spirits of the place, and the exhilarating quality of its atmosphere. Five miles of esplanade extend along its sea front. Five miles of humanity, on a fine day, full of *joie-de-vivre* and ready for fun in any form, and only a short hour's journey from the centre of London.

Flappers foregather round the concert party pitch, anxious for a glimpse of their pierrot hero as he arrives for his afternoon performance. Donkies gallop along the parade with shouting burdens on their backs. A strong breath of wind blows from the west, and the tune of "Valencia," played by the band at the top of the cliffs, mingles with the voices on the sea-shore, making a pleasant and continuous din. Brown babies roll together in a sandy heap in the lee of a black-timbered breakwater. Men, women and children play in the rush and retreat of the waves. A little red sail flies like a butterfly over the shining water, and a yacht is waiting by a jetty, until with three passengers it glides away towards the open sea. There is the soft, crisp sound of water hissing and rushing past.

The prow rips up the water, which curls over and falls white with foam. A big steamer, timber-laden, is lying at anchor in the middle of the river mouth, waiting for the tide. The yacht sweeps round her stern. From this distance the shore looks like a garden full of gaudy flowers. All along the stretch of yellow sand, from the pier as far as the little grey houses of the village of Leigh, are sunshades, hats and dresses of every hue, in groups outside the bathing-huts, in long rows along the margin of the waves, or scattered here and there.

Gradually the garden retires before that lace-like frill of foam. Round the nose of the pier the white sail trembles, then swells with a fresher breeze. Closer into shore the noise of the monster fair comes over the water. The noise of many hurdy-gurdies, the dull murmur of machinery, intermittent shouts. It is the "Kursaal," the mighty magnet of all the cockney crowds that stream into the town day by day throughout the season.

And if one wanders over the dancing water till the sun sinks in glory below the flatness of the salt marsh, the wind that has been blowing from the land fades into a feeble breath. When moonbeams palely glitter across the translucent sea, thousands of tiny lights on shore start scintillating like fairy lanterns of a never-never land, and over towards the Kentish coast lightships twinkle through the misty air. The long-drawn moan of the fog-horn of a steamer is heard, calling her pilot to bring her up the river. Full tide, and the big fishing smacks come slowly, very slowly, with the current, their huge, dark sails in limp folds upon their masts. As they slide past, the sound of singing voices comes across the water, swells and dies away. One by one the shore lights flicker and fade. And then . . .

" . . . the Earth and Ocean seem
To sleep in one another's arms and dream."

JENNIE PICKWORTH.

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